

THE ARTIST.

A LITERARY GAZETTE.

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THE COUNT DE ST. GERMAIN'S TALE.
From the Memoirs of the Count of Louis XV. by Madame du Hausset.

"At the beginning of this century, the Marquis de St. Gilles was sent ambassador from Spain to the Hague. In his youth, he had been particularly intimate with the Count de Moncade, a grandee of Spain, and one of the richest nobles of that country. Some months after the Marquis's arrival at the Hague, he received a letter from the Count, entreating him in the name of their former friendship, to render him the greatest possible service. 'You know,' said he, 'my dear Marquis, the mortification I felt that the name of Moncade was likely to expire with me.—At length, it pleased heaven to hear my prayers, and grant me a son; he gave early promise of dispositions worthy of his birth, but he some time since formed an unfortunate and disgraceful attachment to the most celebrated actress of Toledo. I shut my eyes to this imprudence on the part of a young man whose conduct had, till then, caused me unmingled satisfaction. But, having learnt that he was so blinded by passion, as to intend to marry this girl, and that he had even bound himself by a written promise to that effect, I solicited the King to have her placed in confinement.—My son, having got information of the steps I had taken, defeated my intentions, by escaping with the object of his passion. For more than six months I have vainly endeavored to discover where he has concealed himself, but I have now some reason to think he is at the Hague.' The Count earnestly conjured the Marquis to make the most rigid search, in order to discover his son's retreat, and to endeavor to prevail on him to return to his home. 'It is an act of justice,' continued he, 'to provide for the girl, if she consents to give up the written promise of marriage which she has received, and I leave it to your discretion to do what is right for her, as well as to determine the sum necessary to bring my son to Madrid, in a manner suitable to his condition.' 'I know not,' continued he, 'whether you are a father; if you are, you will be able to sympathize in my anxieties.' The Count subjoined to this letter, an exact description of his son, and the young woman by whom he was accompanied. On the receipt of this letter, the Marquis lost not a moment in sending to all the inns in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, but in vain—he could find no trace of them.—He began to despair of success, when the idea struck him, that a young French page of his, remarkable for his quickness and intelligence might be employed with advantage.—He promised to reward him handsomely if he succeeded in finding the young woman, who was the cause of so much anxiety, and gave him the description of her person. The page visited all the public places for many days—without success; at length, one evening, at a play, he saw a young man and woman, in a box who attracted his attention. When he saw that they perceived he was looking at them, and withdrew to the back of the box to avoid his observation, he felt confident that they were the objects of his search. He did not take his eyes from the box, but watched

every movement in it. The instant the performance ended, he was in the passage leading from the boxes to the door, and he remarked, that the young man, who, doubtless, observed the dress he wore, tried to conceal himself as he passed him, by putting his handkerchief before his face. He followed him, at a distance, to the inn called the *Vicomte de Terrenne*, which he saw him and the woman enter; and being now certain of success, he ran to inform the ambassador. The Marquis de St. Gilles immediately repaired to the inn,—wrapped in a cloak, and followed by his page and two servants. He desired the landlord to show him to the room of a young man and woman who had lodged for some time in his house. The landlord, for some time, refused to do so, unless the Marquis would give their name. The page told him to take notice, that he was speaking to the Spanish ambassador—who had strong reasons for wishing to see the persons in question. The innkeeper said, they wished not to be known, and that they had absolutely forbidden him to admit anybody into their apartment who did not ask for them by name, and that since the ambassador desired it, he would show him their room. He then conducted them up to a dirty, miserable garret. He knocked at the door, and waited some time; he then knocked again pretty loudly, upon which the door was half-opened. At the sight of the ambassador and his suite, the person who opened it, immediately closed it again, exclaiming, that they had made a mistake. The ambassador pushed hard against him, forced his way in, made a sign to his people to wait outside, and remained in the room. He saw before him a very handsome young man whose appearance perfectly corresponded with the description, and a young woman, of great beauty, and remarkably fine person, whose countenance, form, color of the hair, &c. were precisely those described by the Count de Moncade. The young man spoke first. He complained of the violence used in breaking into the apartment of a stranger living in a free country, and under the protection of its laws. The ambassador stepped forward to embrace him, and said, 'It is useless to feign, my dear Count; I know you, and I do not come here to give pain to you or to this lady, whose appearance interests me extremely.' The young man replied, that he was totally mistaken, that he was not a Count, but the son of a merchant of Cadiz; that the lady was his wife, and that they were travelling for pleasure. The ambassador, casting his eyes round the miserably furnished room, which contained but one bed, and some packages of the shabbiest kind lying in disorder about the room. 'Is this, my dear child, (allow me to address you by a title, which is warranted by my tender regard for your father,) is this a fit residence for the son of the Count de Moncade?' The young man protested against the use of any such language, as addressed to him. At length, overcome by the entreaties of the ambassador, he confessed, weeping, that he was the son of the Count de Moncade, but declared, that nothing should induce him to return to his father, if he must abandon a woman he adored. The

young woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the feet of the ambassador, telling him that she would not be the cause of the ruin of the young Count; and that generosity, or rather love, would enable her to disregard her own happiness, and, for his sake to separate herself from him. The ambassador admired her noble disinterestedness. The young man, on the contrary, received her declaration with the most desperate grief. He reproached his mistress, and declared that he would never abandon so amiable a creature, nor suffer the sublime generosity of her heart to be turned against herself. The ambassador told him, that the Count de Moncade was far from wishing to render her miserable, and that he was commissioned to provide her with a sum sufficient to enable her to return into Spain, or to live where she liked. Her noble sentiments—and genuine tenderness, he said, inspired him with the greatest interest for her, and would induce him to go to the utmost limits of his power, in the sum he was to give her; that he, therefore, promised her ten thousand florins, that is to say, about twelve hundred pounds, which would be given her the moment she surrendered the promise of marriage she had received, and the Count de Moncade took up his abode in the ambassador's house, and promised to return to Spain. The young woman seemed perfectly indifferent to the sum proposed, and wholly absorbed in her love, and in the grief of leaving him. She seemed insensible to every thing but the cruel sacrifice which her reason, and her love itself, demanded. At length, drawing from a little portfolio the promise of marriage, signed by the Count, 'I know his heart too well,' said she, 'to need it. Then she kissed it again and again, with a sort of transport, and delivered it to the ambassador, who stood by, astonished at the grandeur of soul he witnessed. He promised her, that he would never cease to take the liveliest interest in her fate, and assured the Count of his father's forgiveness. 'He will receive with open arms,' said he, 'the prodigal son, returning to the bosom of his distressed family; the heart of a father is an exhaustless mine of tenderness. How great will be the felicity of my friend on the receipt of these tidings, after his long anxiety and affliction;—how happy do I esteem myself at being the instrument of that felicity.' Such was, in part, the language of the ambassador, which appeared to produce a strong impression on the young man. But, fearing lest, during the night, love should regain all his power, and should triumph over the generous resolution of the lady, the Marquis pressed the young Count to accompany him to his hotel. The tears, the cries of anguish, which marked this cruel separation, cannot be described; they deeply touched the heart of the ambassador, who promised to watch over the young lady. The Count's little baggage was not difficult to remove, and, that very evening, he was installed in the finest apartments of the ambassador's house. The Marquis was overjoyed in having restored to the illustrious house of Moncade, the heir of its greatness, and of its magnificent domains. On the following morning, as soon as the young Count was up, he found tailors, dealers in cloth,

lace, stuff, &c. out of which he had only to choose. Two valets de chambre, and three laquais, chosen by the ambassador, for their intelligence and good conduct, were in waiting in his anti-chamber, and presented themselves to receive his orders. The ambassador showed the young Count the letter he had just written to his father, in which he congratulated him on possessing a son, whose noble sentiments and striking qualities were worthy of his illustrious blood, and announced his speedy return. The young lady was not forgotten; he confessed, that to her generosity he was partly indebted for the submission of her lover, and expressed his conviction that the Count would not disapprove the gift he had made her, of ten thousand florins. That sum was remitted on the same day, to this noble and interesting girl, who left the Hague without delay. The preparations for the Count's journey were made; a splendid wardrobe, and an excellent carriage were embarked at Rotterdam, in a ship bound for France, on board which a passage was secured for the Count, who was to proceed from that country.—A considerable sum of money, and letters of credit on Paris, were given him at his departure; and the parting between the ambassador and the young Count was most touching. The Marquis de St. Gilles awaited with impatience the Count's answer, and enjoyed his friend's delight by anticipation. At the expiration of four months, he received this long expected letter. It would be utterly impossible to describe his surprise on reading the following words. "Heaven, my dear Marquis, never granted me the happiness of becoming a father, and in the midst of abundant wealth and honors, the grief of having no heirs, and seeing an illustrious race end in my person, has shed the greatest bitterness over my whole existence. I see, with extreme regret, that you have been imposed upon by a young adventurer, who has taken advantage of the knowledge he had, by some means, obtained, of our old friendship. But your Excellency must not be the sufferer. The Count de Moncade is, most assuredly, the person whom you wished to serve; he is bound to repay what your generous friendship hastened to advance, in order to procure him a happiness which he would have felt most deeply. I hope, therefore, Marquis, that your Excellency will have no hesitation in accepting the remittance contained in this letter, of three thousand louis of France, of the disbursal of which you sent me an account."

The manner in which the Count de St. Germain spoke, (says Madame du Hausset,) in the characters of the young adventurer, his mistress, and the ambassador, made his audience weep and laugh by turns. The story is true in every particular, and the adventurer surpasses Gusman d'Alfarache in address, according to the report of some persons present. Madame de Pompadour thought of having a play written founded on this story; and the Count sent it to her in writing, from which I transcribed it.

REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.—By a Lady.

The leading features in the character of a good woman, are mildness, complacency and equanimity of temper. The man, if he be a worthy and provident husband, is immersed in a thousand cares. His mind is agitated, his memory loaded, and his body fatigued. He retires from the bustle of the world, chagrined perhaps by disappointment, angry at insolent and perfidious people, and terrified lest his unavoidable connexion with such people should make him appear perfidious himself.—Is this the time for the wife of his bosom, his dearest and most intimate friend, to add to his

vexations, to increase the fever of an overburthened mind, by a contentious tongue, or a discontented brow? Business in its most prosperous state, is full of anxiety and turmoil.—O how dear to the memory of a man is the wife who clothes her face in smiles, who uses gentle expressions, and who makes her lap soft to receive and hush his cares to rest.—There is not in nature so fascinating an object, as a faithful, tender and affectionate wife.

BIOGRAPHY.

MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH WARREN.

This illustrious character, whose death we have so long lamented, and whose patriotism we have so much admired, was born in Roxbury, in the year 1741, of respectable parents. He entered college in 1755, and there sustained the character of a talented, agreeable and generous young man. His personal courage and perseverance were remarkable even in his early career, as the following anecdote related by Knapp will illustrate. Several students of Warren's class shut themselves in a room to arrange some college affairs in a way which they knew was contrary to his wishes, and barred the door so effectually that he could not, without great violence, force it; but he did not give over the attempt of getting among them, for, perceiving that the window of the room in which they were assembled was open, and near a spout which extended from the roof of the building to the ground, he went up to the top of the house, slid down to the eaves, seized the spout, and when he had descended as far as the window, threw himself into the chamber among them. At that instant the spout gave way and fell to the ground. He looked at it without emotion, said that it had served his purpose, and began to take his part in the business.

He left college in 1759, and commenced the study of medicine under Dr. Lloyd, an eminent physician of that day. Upon commencing practice he was very successful, and soon became a great favorite of the people. Upon the first breaking out of difficulty between the Colonies and Great Britain, Warren took an active part in favor of the former—sacrificed all his bright prospects of wealth and influence, and their attendant honors and gratifications, to the calls of his distracted country. He devoted himself continually to the public benefit. The productions of his pen are numerous. He was twice elected to deliver the oration on the 5th of March, in commemoration of the massacre—and these are ranked among the most distinguished of that day. On one of these occasions some British officers had publicly declared that it should be at the price of the life of any man to speak of the event. Warren was excited by the threat, and at his own solicitation took upon himself the honor of braving it. The day came—the meeting house was crowded—the aisles and steps to the pulpit were occupied by British officers, and some had taken places in the pulpit itself; yet the orator, nothing intimidated, with the assistance of his friends, made his entrance at the pulpit window, by a ladder. The officers made way for him, and he proceeded to address the audience. Although surrounded by "proud oppressors, resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight," he went on animating the sons of liberty, and hurling defiance at their oppressors.

It was Warren who discovered the design of the British commander to seize our few stores, at Concord, on the 14th of April, 1775. Upon this discovery, he despatched messengers to Lexington, who gave the alarm, and assembled the militia at that place. Warren

shared in the dangers of the 19th of April, 1775, and came near his death on this occasion, having had a lock of his hair cut away close to his ear by a musket ball. On the 14th of June, 1775, the provincial Congress of Massachusetts made him Major General of their forces; but he had, previous to the date of his commission, been, as it were, a leader to the troops which had hastily assembled at Cambridge, after the battle of Lexington. Before he received the appointment of Major General, he had been requested to take the office of Physician General of the army—"but he chose to be where wounds were to be made, rather than where they were to be healed;" yet he was never averse to giving his advice to the medical department.

He was at this time President of the provincial Congress. In this body he discovered extraordinary powers of mind, and his peculiar fitness for responsible offices at such a juncture. Warren was only a volunteer in the battle of Bunker Hill. Prescott, the veteran commander of the day, desired to act under his direction, but Warren declined taking any other part than a volunteer, and added that he came to learn the art of war from an experienced soldier, whose orders he should be happy to obey. In the battle he was armed with a musket, and stood in the ranks, now and then changing his place to encourage his fellow-soldiers by word and example. He was one of the last who left the breast work, and was slain near it as he was slowly retiring.

Thus fell this great, good, and patriotic man, who was seemingly raised to assist his country in its hour of danger. As he was beloved while living, his death was severely felt and lamented; but "the worth of this victim, and the horror of the sacrifice, gave a higher value to our liberties, and produced a more fixed determination to preserve them." The memory of Warren will survive as long as the world shall exist. May his blood never "cry from the ground" against the ingratitude of the country for which it has been shed.—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Shall man of frail fruition boast!
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and at most,
A momentary year.
There was a time—that time is past—
When, Youth, I bloomed like thee;
A time will come—'tis coming fast—
When thou shalt fade like me.
Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn;
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.
In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of time,
Yet swifter still he flew.
Summer, my youth, succeeded soon,
My eye ascended high,
And pleasure held the view till noon,
But grief drove down the sky,
Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign;
My harvest-moon scarce filled her horn,
When she began to wane.
Close followed age—infirm old age,
The winter of my year;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere!
I long to cast the chains away,
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.
Life lies in embryo—never free
Till nature yields her breath,
Till time becomes eternity,
And man is born in Death.

FOR THE ARIEL.

Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

I was a few years since travelling in the valley of the Connecticut, and in the afternoon of a sultry day, stopped at one of those beautiful villages which are sprinkled along the borders of the Connecticut. I strolled out across the fields to the high grounds in the vicinity, enjoying the gentle breeze that scarcely bent the tops of the pines as it passed over them. Now, indulging 'fancy's flights' as I lost myself in the grandeur of some mountain scene—now giving way to the soft influence which stole over my senses, as I stopped to view the beautiful landscape that lay stretched out before me, in all the loveliness of June—and anon listening to some mountain torrent as it foamed and tumbled along its rocky bed, but to lose itself in the clear waters of the Connecticut. I had wandered over the hills for some time, unconscious of my course, until I suddenly came upon the most beautiful scene I ever witnessed. Directly before me lay one of the most delightful villages on the river, while to the north, and to the south, 'far as the eye could reach,' were green fields and verdant meadows, enclosed on the east and west by long ranges of high lands, and at intervals, the sparkling waters of the Connecticut could be seen, glancing through the green foliage which covered its banks, which, with the domestic animals scattered over the fields, and the people at their various occupations, gave the scene an appearance of life and motion. But I will not attempt a description—suffice it to say, it was one of New England's most beautiful landscapes. I stood for some moments gazing upon the scene, before being aware that I was not alone. Turning my head at a rustling of the branches near me, I saw an aged man seated on a log beside me. He saw I was taken by surprise, and broke the silence by observing, "a rare view, this, sir." "Beautiful," replied I. "Ay, beautiful it is," said he, "many a time have I looked at it; and it is dear to me; for in that village I was born, and there I have spent my days; see you that brown house by the clump of trees yonder? Well, that is mine; and I remember when there was not a better one in the village; and now look at yonder row of handsome buildings." As the old man was disposed to be communicative, I asked him a number of questions, and among others, who was the owner of a handsome white house which stood near the centre of the village. "That," said he "belongs to our Doctor; a dashing fellow in his youth. I'll tell you a story of him, if you have patience to listen." I signified my willingness to hear him, and he continued—"When Doctor H. was young, as I observed before, he was a dashing blade—loved high life—and his happiest moments were in a company of kindred spirits, with an abundance of Madeira. Although not remarkable for his courage, yet, he had a temper of his own, which was easily ruffled. In one of his midnight revels, a difference arose between him and one of his companions. High words followed, and a challenge to meet the next morning was given and accepted. But when the morning came it brought soberness with it, and both wished themselves across the Atlantic; for their courage was evaporated with the fumes of the wine. As the hour approached, their hearts sank within them; but it was now too late; the die was cast, and one or the other was to lose his life. It was noticed, when they met, that the color forsook their cheeks—they were deadly pale, and their hands trembled exceedingly. And when they spoke, it was in a thick husky voice, like that of a drowning man. The ground

was measured, and they had taken their stands, when lo! the Doctor noticed his lock was broken. This he contrived to do on his way to the ground—but of that he was silent. What was to be done? It was growing late and no time was to be had. The affrighted knights—especially he of the broken lock—were but too ready to agree to a reconciliation. After a few preliminaries, they shook hands, and were on as good terms as ever. On moving from the *battle ground*, they were congratulating themselves on the happy issue of the adventure, when one of the seconds observed, "I am extremely pleased, gentlemen, that this affair has been thus amicably settled: for what would the world have said to your firing without balls!" "Without balls!" exclaimed the astonished principals, in a breath. "The fact is even so, gentlemen, as you will find upon examination." The *sound* pistol was fired against a board, which showed the black mark of the burnt powder; but no perforation was found by which a ball might have escaped. The seconds burst into a loud laugh; and the doughty knights began to feel some return of their former anger. After a few bouts of angry words, however, they separated; the principals in high dudgeon with their seconds, who had thus brought them into an acknowledgement of their cowardice; Doctor H. muttering on his way, something about retaliation. The story soon got wind; which exceedingly vexed the Doctor, as he had been the first to back out. He was haunted with the idea that every youngster he met, wore a smile of derision on his lip, and a leer in his eye as much as to say, "*Frightened at an empty pistol.*" This he would not brook, and was determined upon revenge. In the course of a few weeks, the affair was smoothed over, and to all appearances, the parties were as good friends as ever.

It was one bitter cold evening in December, when the Doctor invited a number of his acquaintances to his room for a carousal, and among them were the two seconds in the late duel. They had sat late, the bottle circulated freely, and the company were pretty jolly and boisterous, when the Doctor stepped out of the room and returning with a powder cask in his hand, walked deliberately towards the fire, evidently with the intention of placing it on the burning embers. The company were sober in an instant—and their faces were pale with affright. He then said very gravely, and deliberately, "Gentlemen, in my opinion we have lived about long enough; and may as well die now as at any time. I motion that we blow ourselves up together," and immediately laid the cask on the fire. The scene of confusion that followed, can better be imagined than described. Tables, chairs and glasses were dashed on the floor in one mass of ruin. A general rush to the door followed. The first in his bustle to descend, pitched headlong to the bottom of the stairs. The second at first step thrown forward by those behind, and all went helter skelter to the bottom in a body. Those who were able, picked themselves up and took to their heels. One ensconced himself beneath a cart which had been left in the vicinity the day previous. Others were running for dear life at the top of their speed. He under the cart, after waiting as he thought, a most unreasonable time for powder to ignite, and finding the cold air rather uncomfortable, ventured a peep from his hiding place, and seeing all quiet, cautiously picked his way to the house. He there found one of his companions, who upon the alarm, attempted to escape by the window, and falling headforemost, had buried himself to his middle in a snow drift. Being unable to extricate himself, and half dead with fright, he stuck fast,

with his legs in the air, like a pair of compasses. Casting a glance at his friend in adversity, he walked softly up the stairs, and ventured a peep into the room; there, to his great amazement, beheld the Doctor, seated quietly before the fire, a bottle of Madeira in one hand, and a half emptied glass in the other, gazing at the remains of the cask, as it consumed before him, and repeating to himself, as he finished his glass of wine, "ay, ay, let them cool their hot heads in this frosty air. I'll learn them to pass their tricks upon me, the rascals!"

ENGLISH LADIES.—Mr. Carter, in one of his letters from London, speaks of the English females in the following terms.

"We met Lady Salisbury in her coach, with two postilions and a brace of cut-riders, all in livery. She is said to be a second Diana Vernon in horsemanship, riding full speed, and leaping the most formidable barriers at stag hunts, in which she is particularly fond of participating. The English ladies generally ride on horseback with boldness, dexterity and gracefulness. Their beaver hats exactly resembling those of the other sex, their high collars and black cravats, tied before in the style of a fashionable gentleman, with the appendage of a long whip, gives them somewhat of a masculine appearance."

TURKISH WOMEN.—Some of them were bright specimens of oriental beauty; and endowed with great vivacity of imagination: their conversation betrayed a shrewdness of spirit and depth of feeling, it was such a flow of easy, natural eloquence, as may hardly be met with among the ladies of Europe. Their dancing was peculiarly graceful and dignified. When it was explained to them with what regard the ladies were treated in Europe, how universal deference was paid to them, and what a conspicuous element of society they constituted; they expressed an astonishment, as if our practice was a subversion of nature; and with self-denying resignation, they chose to live in the Haram, in indolence and obedience, and never spoke of their husbands by any other name than that of my lord. They seemed to prefer the large silk cloaks which conceal the shape of the body, to the elegant appearance of our women in public; and to cover the face with a drapery, with eye-holes in it; and yet they were very fond of dress, and not deficient in taste, although they were unacquainted with any *Journal des Modes*; just as their minds seemed to have treasured many romantic ideas without the aid of novels.

A FRAGMENT.

I heard a story once in days gone by,
Of a fond girl who gave her love—her soul—
To one who seemed in truth to adore
This fair young creature in return!

But why—
I do forget the reason—(some slight thing—
Perchance a hasty word, an unkind glance,
Or else the fickleness of his own heart
Wrought the sad change;) he left her and she died!

This tale
Has often made me weep; and I have felt
A death-cold hand engraving on my heart,
"Such fate may be thine own!"
Oh! men, ye know not what ye do, when thus
Ye trifle with a woman's love. Ye're like
The unrighteous thief, that in the dead of night
Breaks in the sanctuary, and purloins
The sacred treasures. Know ye not,
That love to woman is a holy thing?
And would ye crush the altar where she worships?
Are ye so base as win her poor young heart,
To lean upon you for her stay, her guide:
To twine her life forever with your own,
And bid her trust with confidence and hope—
As the entwining ivy trusts the oak—
And will ye, then, unlike that tree, that still
Through shine and storm protects the gentle vine,
Will ye, when tempests rise, mock her, and spurn her,
Scorn her, till she die?
ISABEL.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 15, 1827.

Mr. J. Merrick Mahan will act as agent for the *Ariel* at Cochranville, Chester Co. Pa. and its vicinity.

The strictures of "Carolus," in the *Ariel* of to-day, are published without comment, further than this: that, as one who feels himself aggrieved by the frequency of the publications in question, he has a claim to be heard. Our correspondent, to whom he refers, must pocket the affront, or settle it as may please him best.

Major Noah's last squib at Matrimony.—This title belongs to the following paragraph, from Major Noah's *Enquirer*, published a few days before that unfortunate man was married. The Major is now actually united to Miss Jackson, of New York; after having lived on the "barren isle of Celibacy," (as an Indiana Editor lately said of himself) for forty-five good long years. He must now find other subjects on which to crack his interminable jokes.

"A country paper says, 'the most wholesome method of chastising a wife is by kissing.' This surpasses our intelligence. If a kiss be punishment, what is the reward to consist in? But we are Bachelors, and cannot be expected to understand these things.—What an exquisitely delicate precept is that of the Hindoo law, which says, 'Strike not even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a hundred faults.'"

Pathetic Preface.—An Epie Poem, called the "FREDONIAN," in four volumes, (mercy on us!) by Dr. R. Emmons, of Boston, is announced for publication in that city. The annexed melancholy account of his troubles is taken from his preface.—

"The poem has cost me many an aching, burning thought. For the last eight years, before the rising of the sun, have the efforts of my soul been engaged upon the subject, and the flicker of the midnight lamp found me in communion with the invisible genius of Poesy. I feel that many are its imperfections. But whether it shall meet with smiles or frowns, one consoling reflection will still nestle in my bosom. It has afforded me a public opportunity of expressing my love, veneration and gratitude to a man whose soul is liberty—whose bosom is benevolence."

The work is dedicated to General La Fayette!

Hannah More.—This literary lady still lives, at the age of 83. Mr. King an American traveller, thus spoke of her.—

"Being pressed for time, I spent only one day with her, though she repeatedly urged me to remain with her another. Her place of residence, called Barely Wood, is quite enchanting. She herself, like the olive, flourishes in old age. She is now in her eighty-third year, yet possesses in a very great degree, the cheerfulness and vivacity of youth. As I took leave of her, I began to express a wish that her life might be prolonged; but she checked me, saying, 'Do not wish me that!'"

Progress of Literature.—It seems as if every new year, or every month, if not every week in the year, gave birth to some new literary publication, both in England and America. The old business of printing mere newspapers is overdone, and gentlemen of the type need something new, on which to exercise their powers, and to attract the attention of the public. When this country emerged from a nation of savages into a civilized community, some means to communicate and to diffuse information were needed. Then came the shabby and diminutive weekly newspaper, issued in an uncouth and outlandish manner, and with but slender editorial powers. Then, as population increased, came improvement, and the sheet was enlarged and improved, as new rivals started up around it. At last, competition and civilization having scattered newspapers in abundance into every corner of the country, the business may be looked upon as overdone. In the wake of newspapers came the literary periodical. Success in that branch also stimu-

lated others to attempt the issuing of literary papers, and hence the absolute glut of such things. Here, again, the market being full of this new commodity, the printer and book seller were at a stand. What next was to be done? Instead of the weekly paper, an annual volume must be issued. The word was spoken, and lo! forth came a batch of 'Tokens,' 'Atlantic Souvenirs,' sufficient, in one year, to supply any demand for such productions, however immoderate. Truly did Washington Irving say, when he declared that "the stream of literature had grown into a river, swollen into a torrent, expanded into a sea!"

The city of London, judging from the advertisements, in the paper now before us, must be deluged with these annual offerings. In England, however, they are issued in a different style from ours. We can discover the names of almost every established author as contributors, except More and Scott. With us our Christmas gifts are pushed into circulation by means of puffing. Few of them have merit enough to work their own way; and others contrive to work off a heavy edition by traducing and abusing honest and deserving competitors in the same profession.

A good thing.—Good things are rather scarce at present—at least most editors find it to be the case.—Though we do not wish to raise the reader's expectation by promising a good thing, yet we think the following is something smarter than common.

A LATE SCENE AT SWANGE.*

Regnis ex-sul ademitis.—*Virg.*

To Swange—that neat little town, in whose bay Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers,—Lord Bags took his annual trip t'other day,
To taste the sea breeze, and chat with the dippers.

There—learned as he is in conundrums and laws—Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the wagon,) 'Why are Chancery suits like barbers?' 'Because 'Their suits are put off, till they hav'n't a rag on.'

Thus on he went chatting—but lo, as he chats, With a face full of wonder around him he looks; For he misses his parsons—his dear shovel hats—Who used to flock round him like rooks.

'How is this, Lady Bags—to this region aquatic They yearly came swarming, to make me their bow, As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of Carnatic; Deans, Rectors, D. D's—and where the d-I are they now?'

'My dearest Lord Bags!' saith his dame; 'can you doubt?'

I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant; But don't you perceive, dear, the Church have found out,

That you're one of the people call'd *Ex's* at present?'

'Ah, true—you have hit it—I am, indeed, one Of those ill fated *Ex's* (his lordship replies,) And, with tears, I confess,—God forgive me the pun! We *X's* have prov'd ourselves not to be *Y's*.'

E—d B—t.

* A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favorite summer resort of the ex-noblemen in question, and, till this year, much frequented also by gentlemen of the church.—*English paper.*

BY ICHABOD INKLE—No. 3.

I cannot, like some writers, admire the manner in which poems were written in "olden time." To be sure, it was a great saving of time, paper, and ink, and what is more, of head work, to sum up an event in a poem of four, or eight lines; instead of a column or two, by way of preface; double that quantity of superfluous matter in the body of the poem, and a goodly number of rhymes by way of *Finis*. But, as an offset to these objections, I would merely remark, that "all trades must live." There are a great many heads and hands engaged in the manufacture of a poem, from the origin of the ideas in the brain of the author, until it is produced to the world. In the first place, there is the author, who, after having hit upon a bright thought,

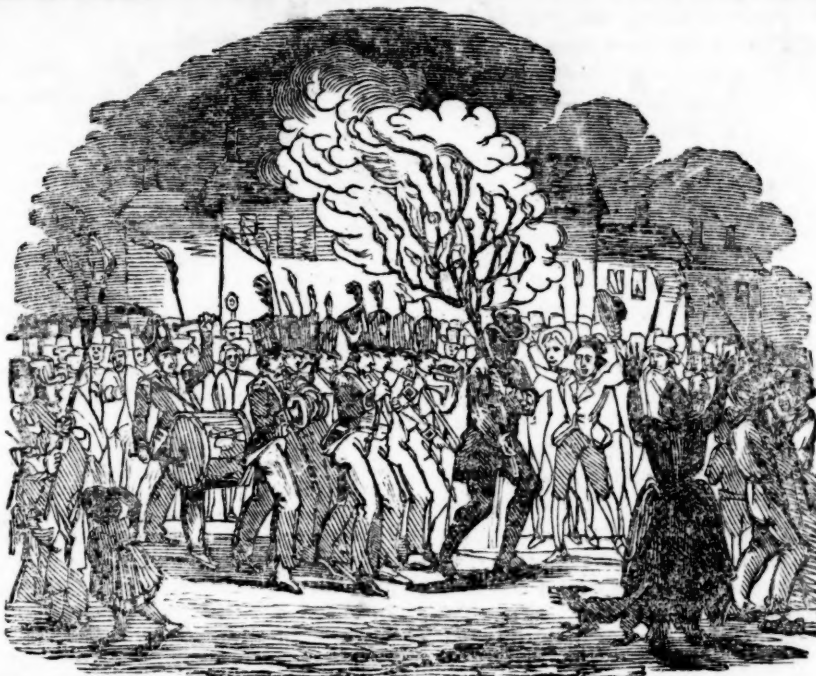
bestows no little time in hammering it into a readable shape. Then, it passes into the printer's hands, who, in his turn, calls upon hundreds of others to help him; the paper-maker, the type-founder, &c. &c. &c. Indeed it would be absurd to think of naming all the different wheels which are put in motion, to usher forth a poem to the reading community. The divine command, to "increase and multiply," has been faithfully complied with, ever since the flood; and is another reason, why a poem amounting to the same thing, should occupy more space than in "days of yore;" for it enables no inconsiderable number of the sons of Adam to gain a livelihood.

But except this solitary objection of length, I believe there is no fault to be found with the poem under consideration, which reads as follows, to wit:—

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas Pie;
He put in his thumb, and pull'd out a plumb,
And said—"what a good boy am I."

Now this strikes us at the outset with what is to come; it tells us that the subject is a boy; a little boy, whose name is Jack Horner. We can fancy to ourselves that it is a Christmas Eve. The family are seated around the table, enjoying the good things which are always attendant on Christmas. The Cat, quietly warming her nose and purring herself to sleep, occupies one corner, and opposite sits our doughty Hero, Jack, with a jolly round pie on his knees, a knife in one hand, and the other thrust into the pie in search of a plumb; his jaws busily occupied in munching a mouthful thereof; while a blazing fire on the hearth dispels the gloom, and sheds a cheerful light upon the scene. Now it is perfectly rational to suppose, that Jack had, for several days previous, been promised a pie, on Christmas Eve, if, in the interim, he was a good boy, and minded his book; and therefore, on eating the pie, it was natural that the association of ideas connected with the said pie, should occasion the remark which occurs in the last line of the poem, viz. "what a good boy am I." No doubt his mother, upon hearing this remark, (after clearing her throat with a cup of tea,) commended her boy on his good behaviour—gave him a reasonable quantity of advice as to his future conduct, his applying himself to his future studies, and his strict obedience to his parents and his master. It is no more than fair to suppose, that so good a boy as Jack appears to have been, should have followed his parent's advice, and grown up a good and honest man. Indeed, from a variety of circumstances, I have been led to suppose, that "*Old Grimes*," whose life, and virtues have been "said or sung" by a contemporary, was this identical Jack Horner!—If so, we may conclude, that he was a person of some notoriety, or so exact a description of that personage, would not have been handed down to us, from so remote a period as that in which this appears to have been written.

Four Views of La Grange, painted and lithographed in France. The prints are for sale in Boston—highly beautiful, but enhanced in value, by the associations that rise in the minds of Americans.



CARRYING THE "HOLLY TREE" AT BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

To every branch a torch they tie,
To every torch a light apply;
At each new light send forth huzzas
Till all the tree is in a blaze;
And then bear it flaming through the town,
With minstresly, and rockets thrown.

The above humorous wood-cut is executed from a print in *Hone's Table Book*, a very original and amusing work published in London, and for sale in this city by Mr Mortimer, South Second-street. It is published monthly, and is embellished with a number of cuts, entirely original, representing any thing and every thing, of interest or humor, which occurs in England. The Table Book has met with the most unexampled success. If an effort of this kind to diversify our columns with lively matter should be acceptable to our readers, we shall probably embellish our columns with other specimens, from the same work.—Ed.

"HOLLY NIGHT" AT BROUGH.

The ancient custom of carrying the "holly tree" on Twelfth Night, at Brough in Westmoreland, is represented in the accompanying engraving.

Formerly the "Holly-tree" at Brough was really "holly," but ash being abundant, the latter is now substituted. There are two head inns in the town, which provide for the ceremony alternately, though the good townspeople mostly lend their assistance in preparing the tree, to every branch of which they fasten a torch. About eight o'clock in the evening, it is taken to a convenient part of the town, where the torches are lighted, the town band accompanying and playing till all is completed, when it is removed to the lower end of the town; and, after divers salutes and huzzas from the spectators, is carried up and down the town, in stately procession, usually by a person of renowned strength, named Joseph Ling. The band march behind it, playing their instruments, and stopping every time they reach the town bridge, and the cross, where the "holly" is again greeted with shouts of applause. Many of the inhabitants carry lighted branches and flambeaus; and rockets, squibs, &c. are discharged on the joyful occasion. After the tree is thus carried, and the torches sufficiently burnt, it is placed in the middle of the town, when it is again

cheered by the surrounding populace, and is afterwards thrown among them. They eagerly watch for this opportunity; and, clinging to each end of the tree, endeavor to carry it away to the inn they are contending for, where they are allowed their usual quantum of ale and spirits, and pass a "merry night," which seldom breaks up before two in the morning.

Although the origin of this usage is lost, and no tradition exists by which it can be traced, yet it may not be a strange surmise to derive it from the church ceremony of the day when branches of the trees were carried in procession to decorate the altars, in commemoration of the offerings of the Magi, whose names are handed down to us as Melchior, Gasper, and Balthazer, the patrons of travellers. In catholic countries, flambeaus and torches always abound in their ceremonies; and persons residing in the streets through which they pass, testify their zeal and piety, by providing flambeaus at their own expense, and bringing them lighted to the doors of their houses.

H. W. H.

MENTAL CULTIVATION.—What stubbing, ploughing, digging, and harrowing is to land, that thinking, reflecting, and examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, thorns, and such vegetables, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly the soil itself, the passions and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstition of fools shall raise.—*Berkeley.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

The proprietors of the Salem Theatre have offered a premium of \$50 for the best Poetic Address for the opening.

Mr. John D. Lagare, of Charleston, S. C. proposes to publish a paper to be called the *Southern Agriculturalist*. It will be published monthly, each number to contain 50 pages, at \$5.

The Christian Advocate, a religious paper, published in New York, has 18,000 thousand subscribers!

Works just published in London.

Woman, a Poem by E. S. Barrington.

The Winter's Wreath, a collection of original pieces in prose and verse, by some of the most popular authors of the present day.

Fashionables and Unfashionables, a novel (supposed) by Rosalia St. Clair.

The prospectus of a new Christmas offering, under the name of "The Keepsake," appears in the London papers.

Elizabeth Evanshaw, the sequel to "Truth," a novel, 3 vols.

Hamea, the Obea Man, a novel.

In-Kiao-li, or the two Fair Cousins, a Chinese novel.

Memoirs of James Hardy Vaux, a Swindler and Thief; written by himself.

Two Years in New South Wales, by P. Cunningham. This work is noticed in Campbell's New Monthly Magazine in the highest terms.

Adventures of Colonel Juan Van Halen, in Spain and Russia; including his account of his imprisonment in the Inquisition of Madrid, his escape, his journey to Moscow, &c. &c.

English Fashionables Abroad: a satire on the practice of English mothers carrying their daughters about the continent in search of husbands.

Hyde Nugent, a Tale of Fashionable Life; Notes of a Journey through France and Italy, and a Tour in Jamaica.

Not Paul, but Jesus; containing an examination of the question, How far we are warranted by the History in considering that which Paul calls "his Gospel," as forming part or parcel of the religion of Jesus?

The Book of Fallacies, edited from the author's unfinished manuscripts, by a friend.

The Rebellion of the Beasts, or the Ass is Dead.

Adam and Eve, a Margate Story.

Bacchus in Tuscany, a Poem by Leigh Hunt.

Works in the Press in London.

The O'Briens and the O'Flayhertys, by lady Morgan.

Sayings and Doings, third series.

Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts, by the author of Memoirs of Princess Lamballe. Flirtation, a novel. Anonymous.

Herbert Lacy, a novel, by the author of Granby.

The Mummy, a tale of the Twenty-Second Century—3 vols.

The History of George Godfrey, related by himself—3 vols.

Confession of an Old Maid.

A Pilgrimage from Italy to North America, including a narrative of the author's discovery of the sources of the Mississippi: by J. C. Bertrami.

The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion. It is spoken of as a pleasant and witty production.

THINGS IN GENERAL

A translation of Knickerbocker's inimitable History of New York has been made in Germany.—It has been ascertained that in the city of New York there are 3000 licensed grog-shops; that at least three-fourths of the tenants of the Alms-House become such in consequence of intemperance; and that nine-tenths of the cases which are brought before the Justices of the Police, arise from the same source.—A Mr. Church, of Batavia, has brought an action for libel against the Rochester Committee, which had stated in a hand-bill, that Mr. C. had been concerned in the abduction and murder of Morgan.—A number of convicts have been put to work on the Levee at New-Orleans. They are dressed in red, and are ironed together like galley slaves. This mode of punishment is said to be very irksome to them.—A man died in New York at a late fire, supposed from intoxication. Several persons were also picked up, who were lying *dead-drunk* in the street.—The steam boats employed on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers the past season, are stated to have been one hundred and nine in number, and of the burthen of 18,597 tons. The largest boat is the George Washington of 375 tons.—The foundation stone of the monument to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, was laid on Thursday last at Quebec.—On Friday evening week a *seal-skin hair trunk*, which contained about \$12,000 in bank notes, was stolen from on board the steam boat Constellation of N. Y. A reward of five hundred dollars is offered for the recovery of the property.—Mr. James Duff, a starch manufacturer in N. York, killed himself a few days since by discharging a horse pistol into his mouth.—The Editor of the Montreal Herald announces, as "now lying before him," two military curiosities—the orderly book of the 63d Fraser's Highlanders, who were at the taking of Quebec, under General Wolfe, and the orderly book of the American Garrison in Fort Niagara, which was found in that fortress when taken by the British near the close of the last war. Some amusing extracts are given from the former.—An Eagle has been shot at Baker's Island, near Salem, by Elbridge G. Martin, only 12 years old. The bird measured 6 feet 8 inches across the wings.—Wm. Sampson, Esq. has been appointed to write the biography, and His Excellency Dewitt Clinton, to deliver the eulogy on the late Mr. Emmet.—*Rattlesnakes*.—A Mr. Abijah Colburn, of Dedham, Mass. on splitting open a maple log last week, which had been felled about a year, discovered in a cavity *twenty-one* young rattlesnakes. They were in a torpid state and from nine to ten inches in length.—A Theatre has been recently established at Detroit, Michigan Territory.—The Detroit Gazette speaks of watermelons raised in that vicinity which weighed forty pounds, and of a pear weighing two pounds ~~six~~ ounces. It is not extraordinary, he says, for beets to weigh eighteen pounds. *U—We should think not, when watermelons weigh 40!*—An Author, whose works had been se-

verely criticised in the Edinburgh Review, assured a friend that he wished, of all things, to write down that Journal—then *write in it*, said his friend!—Maj. J——, an English officer, is said to have lost 300,000 francs by gaming, at Paris, on the 24th September; and afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt to rob the mail.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MR. EDITOR.—I have read of late in your paper several articles in the form of reviews, in which the writer has made a pitiful attempt at burlesque, and a worse one at wit. Whatever may be the opinions of the *many* on these productions, I know not; yet I do know that the opinions of the *few* with whom I have conversed, correspond precisely with my own. It is surprising that out of the many scribblers now-a-days, one third of them are continually aiming after wit.—Why is it? Is the commodity so cheap and common that it can be commanded by the most barren brain? Wit is not indicative of wisdom, and could it be acquired, it would be scarcely worth the labor of acquisition. I have suggested these few hints not out of improper motives, but with the desire of contributing my mite towards the advancement of your paper, and insuring for my perusal articles more agreeable to my taste.

Some of those pieces under consideration appear to me to be neither amusing, edifying, nor even tolerable.

The first one, selected from another Journal, I was pleased with—having never before read any thing similar. It was novel and ludicrous; so much so, that I read it to several of my friends who were equally pleased with myself. But the subsequent ones are obviously gross imitations of the first, without partaking in the least of its spirit. And were they equally meritorious, yet still they would not please: for the manner of each is the same—and it is the manner of treating those trivial subjects that gives them all their charm. Repetition makes any thing irksome—and if not of the first order, disgusting. "Variety is the spice of life," and has been the chief excellency of your paper. I trust, sir, you will not take these few lines amiss. I am fully aware of the difficulty of catering for the public mind, knowing it an impossibility to please all, I do not intrude my judgment upon you as infallible; indeed, such is the caprice of taste, that if a dozen were to address you on the same subject, probably all would differ;—In such a case you would at least have to resort to your own judgment. Yours, &c.

Philada. Dec. 6th.

CAROLUS.

ON THE CUSTOM OF MARRYING WITH A RING.—The custom of marrying with a ring seems to have been first borrowed from the Romans, among whom it was usual for the man to give his intended a small token of this sort, as a sign of the contract between them. Thus Juvenal,

Commentum tamen, et pactum, et sponsalia nota
Tempestate paras, jamque a tonsoris magistro
Pectoris, et digito pignus fortasse delat.

The ring itself was in Pliny's time of plain iron, without any stone in it, but it came afterwards, as it ought, to be made of gold. And this it seems, the engaged fair one, always

wore in open sight, as a sort of *caveat emptor* or notice to all concerned that she was no longer in the market. And, by the way, this practice was obviously both honest and convenient, as it served to put sober gentlemen on their guard against the possible airs of coquettes. And accordingly we find that the good father Tertullian allows his Christian convert to wear it, and says very beautifully of her, "*aurum nulla morah praeter unico digito quam sponsus oppignerasset pronuba annulo:*"—that is, "she wore no gold except on the single finger which her betrothed had circled with his matrimonial ring." Afterwards however, it seems the ring was only given at the time of marriage, and then having lost its original use, it came to be looked upon as Hooker saith, only as a little symbol "to testify mutual love, or rather to serve as a pledge of conjunction in heart and mind agreed upon between them."

Still it is a very pretty mystic type, and suggests a great deal of lively fancy. Thus, being round, it is obviously a symbol both of perfection and of eternity, having neither beginning nor end that we can see, is, of course, a proper emblem of love that usually begins (except in some romantic cases,) without notice, and ought always to be without end.

HARP OF JUDAH.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Hushed are the soft and gentle strains
That floated o'er Rakum's wave;
The harp the prophet minstrel swept
Is silent as the minstrel's grave.
Once to high heaven the sacred psalms rung—
For heavenly praise thy golden chords were strung.
Soon passed the animating lay
That trembled on the silent air;
Thy notes of triumph died away,
And echo breathes but sad despair.
In dust thy captive children weep—
Oh, God of Judah, dost thou sleep?
Holy and fervent was that sigh,
Waked by the thoughts of other days;
The herald angels passing by,
Upon the sorrowing exile gazed—
Silent drew near, their forms concealing,
So humble, yet so pure the feeling.
Sweet harp of Judah! breathe once more
The plaintive sigh for Zion's fall;
The visions of thy glory o'er,
The scenes of other days recall.
Wake, Judah, wake from dreams of night—
And feel thy morning cheering light:
Awake the triumphs of thy lay,
For see the glorious morn appear—
The blushes of a brighter day—
The darkness of thy mind to cheer.
Arise and shine!—thy night is o'er!—
Thy sons shall sigh in chains no more!
Zion, from lowest depths of gloom,
Shall welcome Bethlehem's rising star—
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom—
Her golden harp he heard afar!
Her songs of peace remotest nations hear—
Her ransomed tribes with joyous shouts appear.
Again in Judah swells the song,
The choral notes break o'er the plain,
All Judah's shores the strains prolong—
"Good will to earth," thy king doth reign!
On Salem's towers the cross divine,
Immanuel's holiest symbols shine. ELOISA.

AGRICULTURAL AXIOMS.—Endeavor to raise good grain, for it will always sell even in years of plenty, whereas, it is only in dear and scarce seasons that there is a demand for grain of an inferior quality.

Let your stock of Horses, Cattle, &c. be of the best sorts, and more remarkable for real utility, than for beauty or fashion.

Be not above your profession, and always consider it as the first that any man can follow.

Admit no guest into your house, who cannot live upon the productions of his own country.

FROM THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR FOR 1828.
GENIUS WAKING.

Slumber's heavy chain hath bound thee—
Where is now thy fire?
Feebler wings are gathering round thee—
Shall they hover higher?
Can no power, no spell recall thee
From inglorious dreams?
O! could glory so appal thee
With his burning beams!

Thine was once the highest pinion—
In the midway air,
With a proud and sure dominion,
Thou didst upward bear—
Like the herald winged with lightning
From the Olympian throne,
Ever mounting, ever brightening,
Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillared props of Heaven
Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkening cloud is driven,
Where no fountain flows—
Far above the rolling thunder,
When the raging storm
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
We beheld thy form.

O! what rare and heavenly brightness
Flowed around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness
Lights the cavern's glooms—
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,
Downward thou didst rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping,
But the tempest's gush—
Up again undaunted soaring,
Thou didst pierce the cloud,
When the warning winds were roaring
Fearfully and loud.

Where is now that restless longing
After higher things—
Come they not, like visions thronging
On their airy wings—
Why then not their glow enchant thee
Upward to their bliss?
Surely danger cannot daunt thee
From a Heaven like this.

But thou slumberest—faint and quivering
Hangs thy ruffled wing,
Like a dove's in winter shivering,
Or a feebler thing.

Where is now thy might and motion,
Thy imperial flight?
Where is now thy heart's devotion,
Where thy spirit's light?

Hark—his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side,
Close, as when the storm bird weathers
Ocean's hurrying tide—
Now his nodding beak is steady—
Wide his burning eye—
Now his opening wings are ready,
And his aim—how high.

Now he curves his neck, and proudly—
Now is stretched for flight—
Hark his wings—they thunder loudly,
And their flash—how bright.
Onward, onward, over mountains,
Thro' the rack and storm,
Now, like sunset over fountains,
Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird! thy dream has left thee—
Thou hast reached thy heaven—
Lingering slumber hath not left thee
Of thy glory given—
With a hold, a fearless pinion,
On thy starry road,
None, to fame's supreme dominion,
Mightier ever trode.

FROM "THE FORGET ME NOT" FOR 1828.

THE SABBATH BELL.

By Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, author of "Astarie"
and "Hours at Home."

Pilgrim, that hast meekly borne
All the cold world's bitter scorn,
Journeying through this vale of tears,
Till the promised land appears,
Where the pure in heart shall dwell—
Thou dost bless the Sabbath Bell!

Life, following fashion's toys,
Seeking 'mid its empty joys,
Pleasure that must end in pain;
Sunshine that will turn to rain;
What does whispering conscience tell,
When thou hear'st the Sabbath Bell!

Poet, dreaming o'er thy lyre,
Wasting health and useful fire;
Wooing still the phantom fame,
For, at best, a fleeting name:
Burst the chains of fancy's spell—
Listen—tis the Sabbath Bell!

Monarch, on thy regal throne;
Ruler, whom the nations own;
Captive, at thy prison gate,
Sad in heart and desolate;
Bid earth's minor cares farewell—
Hark! it is the Sabbath Bell.

Statesman, toiling in the mart,
Where ambition plays his part;
Peasant, bronzing 'neath the sun,
Till thy six days' work are done;
Ev'ry thought of business quell,
When ye hear the Sabbath Bell!

Maiden, with thy brow so fair,
Blushing cheek and shining hair;
Child with bright and laughing eye,
Chasing the winged butterfly;
Hasten when o'er vale and dell
Sounds the gathering Sabbath Bell!

Traveller, thou whom gain or taste
Speedeth through earth's weary waste;
Wanderer from thy native land,
Rest thy steed and slack thy hand
When the seventh day's sun-beams tell;
There they wake the Sabbath Bell!

Soldier, who on battle plain,
Soon may'st mingle with the slain;
Sailor, on the dark blue sea,
As thy bark glides gallantly;
Prayer and praise become ye well,
Though ye hear no Sabbath Bell!

Mother, that with tearful eye
Stand'st to watch thy first born die,
Bending o'er his cradle-bed,
Till the last pure breath is fled;
What to thee of hope can tell
Like the solemn Sabbath Bell!

"Mourner," thus it seems to say;
"Weeping o'er this fragile clay,
Lift from earth thy streaming eyes,
Seek thy treasure in the skies,
Where the strains of angels swell
One eternal Sabbath Bell!"

SHAKESPEARE'S CHAMBER.—Such is the idolatry manifested for the Chamber wherein Shakspeare first inhaled the breath of life,—that its walls are literally covered throughout with the names of visitors, traced in pencil by their own hands. The surface of the apartment is merely whitewashed, laid on about 20 years back, during which time, the ceiling, sides, projecting chimney, in short, every portion of the surface has been written over, so that a list of signatures would at once exhibit all the character and genius of the age, and prove of itself a singular curiosity. Among the names thus registered, are those of Moore and Scott, the poets, with the distinguished tragedians, Kemble and Kean; and in honor of the bard, is also the signatures of his present gracious Majesty, then Regent, as well as that of his Royal Brother, the Duke of Clarence; to which may be added, those of at least half the two Houses of Parliament, and numerous foreigners of the highest distinction, particularly autographs of Lucien, Buonaparte and the Austrian Princes.

COMMUNICATION.

Important to the Afflicted—J. Albright's
COLUMBIAN SYRUP.

PHILADELPHIA, 15th March, 1827.

Mr. J. Albright.—SIR.—My youngest child, a girl about two years of age, had, from her birth, been sickly. In the latter end of January last she was taken with an inflammation in the head and mouth, together with a soreness of the gums, and decay of the teeth; a scurf had also formed on the tongue and roof of the mouth—

and in a few days a very offensive discharge of matter from the right ear took place; by this time the child suffered the most excruciating agonies, crying night and day.

Whilst my child was in this distressing situation, I was told of the wonderful cures performed by your *Columbian Syrup*. I procured a bottle, and am happy to state, that after giving the child the *Syrup* about seven days, it slept sound at night, the inflammation of the head and mouth was allayed, the scurf disappeared, the gums were healed, and the offensive smell accompanying the discharge from the ear left it; by this time it broke out into sores all around the ear, but healed in a very short time after.

After the child had taken about two-thirds of the bottle of *Syrup*, the discharge from the ear gradually stopped, and, astonishing as it may appear, the child is now perfectly cured, gay, and lively.

Since my child has received those extraordinary benefits from your invaluable *medicine*, my wife has commenced using it in chronic rheumatism, and one of my sons for scald head and sore gums, and from the effects your *syrup* has already produced, I have every reason to think that I shall shortly be enabled to communicate to you the pleasing intelligence of perfect cures.

ANTHONY MUSICK,
Kunkle street, Northern Liberties.

Philadelphia, Dec. 6, 1827.

In compliance with a promise made in the above communication to you, in which I stated the remarkable cure of my daughter by the use of your *Columbian Syrup*, that the favorable result had induced me to try its efficacy in *Chronic Rheumatism*, under which disease my wife was then suffering severely, and also in the case of my son Reuben, who was afflicted with *Scald Head*. I state that both these cases are perfectly cured—and being cures of considerable importance, in consequence of these diseases having run in the family for many years, I will relate a few corroborating circumstances. My mother-in-law was afflicted with *Rheumatism* for upwards of thirty years; my brother-in-law, Henry Bloomer, of South Whitehall township, Lehigh County, whose case was well known to all in his neighborhood, was for many years afflicted with *Rheumatism*, of which he could get no relief; my wife in her infant days had an ulcerated sore head, and a discharge from the ears, and for the last six or seven years she was afflicted with *Rheumatism* to such a degree, that she became in a manner disabled at every change of weather, particularly dry, cold and windy weather affected her most severely.

The disease commenced in her right arm, and finally settled in her legs; where it produced a *heavy grinding pain*, and often a *benumbed sensation*, that frequently, when sitting a short time, her limbs were deprived of all power, and she was unable to rise in any other way than by resting her whole weight on her hands, placed firmly on the seat of the chair. Among many other ineffectual remedies prescribed by physicians, *mercury* was administered; the effects of which remained in her system until she had used your *Syrup* some time. It is upwards of six months since the above cures have been performed, and not the least symptom of a return has appeared in either case. Language cannot express the satisfaction I feel in the restoration of my family to perfect health, and I am confident the merits of your *medicine* cannot be too highly extolled. A. MUSICK,

No. 28 Kunkel near Callowhill street, Philadelphia.
Orders for the above *Syrup*, post-paid, and directed to J. Albright, No. 103, Arch street, Philadelphia, will be promptly attended to.

NEWSPAPER
and
GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE,
Washington City.

The subscriber has opened an Office for the transaction of all kinds of business of an Agency nature, such as collecting newspaper and other debts, settling accounts with the Public Offices, renting of city property belonging to non-residents, and collecting rents on the same, or offering the same for sale, for which small commissions only will be charged. The subscriber will act as agent for editors of newspapers, to obtain subscribers, &c. Persons having business to transact of any kind, in this City or any of the neighboring towns, will do well to address the subscriber, postage paid.

Washington City, 13th Dec. E. F. BROWN.

REFERENCES.

Edmund Morris, Editor *Ariel*, Philadelphia.
Robert Morris, Esq. Editor *Album*, do.
David Brown, Esq. 176 Greenwich Street, N. Y.
W. Crane, Esq. Main Street, Richmond, Va.

PRINTING

Of every description neatly executed at this Office.

HUMOROUS.

Prithee, Pains, lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

A STORY MORE AMUSING THAN CREDIBLE.—The French papers beat the English hollow in the matter of the strange or the horrible, suited to the taste of newspaper readers. The *Courier Francais*, of a recent date, has a story of which the following is the purport.

The scene is Marseilles. An adventurer arrived there, and introduced himself to a Mr. —. Being plausible, he succeeded in gaining his good will and the *entree libre* of his family. This is canto the first. The second shows us the adventurer fallen in love with Mr. —'s daughter, and Mr. —'s daughter with the adventurer. The next is the cream of the story. The adventurer enters Mr. —'s dining room one day, in the costume of a savage prince, and tells a long rig-a-ma-role of his having been king of Timbuctoo, from which royal dignity he escaped with his treasure, to avoid submitting to lose his nose, a necessary part of the royalty of Timbuctoo. Mr. — is represented as such an egregious ass, that he credited this nonsense, and the treaty of marriage proceeds. Last canto. The ex-king of Timbuctoo, borrows of Mr. — 10,000 francs, and is never more heard of.

NOT SO BAD.—A traveller, being at a coffee-house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveller, "but some where in Europe—Russia, I think." "I should rather think *It-a-ly*," returned his opponent.

PADDY'S RIDE ON THE RAILWAY.—The Lehigh Coal Mines are situated on a mountain, about nine miles from the river, at an elevation of 1000 feet above it. A rail road has been extended from the mines to the river, along the side of the mountain, down which the coal is conveyed in cars, which descend by their own weight. The velocity of their descent would be almost incredible, were it not for a regulating power, subject to the control of the conductor of the cars. In addition to the coal cars, are others for carrying off the dirt and rubbish with which the coal is covered. They are so constructed that, when they have descended near to the foot of the mountain, where the railway crosses a deep ravine, a catch on the side of the rail knocks out a pin and lets the bottom of the car, which is hung on hinges, drop and discharge the contents into the abyss, fifty or sixty feet below. A short time since, three Paddies, fresh from their own "swate Ireland," visited the place, and while the workmen were at dinner, determined to have a ride. They accordingly got into one of the dirt cars, and let it loose from the fastening. Not knowing how to regulate its velocity, away they went, John like, at the rate of half a mile a minute. This was fine sport till, on a sudden, the bottom dropped and deposited them without any material injury, among the rubbish below, from which they looked up in unspeakable consternation and dismay, at this unexpected termination of their ride.—*Mass Spy*.

SOFT LIPS.—A lady of fashion inscribed on a pane of glass, at an inn, in Staines, England, "Dear Lord Dorrington, has the softest lips that ever pressed those of beauty." *Footie* coming into the room soon after, wrote underneath—

"Then as like as two chips,
Are his head and his lips."

It is a certain exception against a man's receiving applause, that he courts it.—*Tatler*.

AN OILIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

ANECDOTE OF LESSING.—This celebrated Lessing was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table. "Of course you counted it," said one of his friends, "Count it," said Lessing, rather embarrassed, "I forgot that."

SINGULAR EPITAPH

AT ALNWICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

Here lies Sir William Elphinstoun
Who with his sword did cut in sun-
Der, the body of Sir Harry
Crisp, who did his daughter marry.

That discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, and furnishes to it matter of enjoyment from within itself, is of more consequence to real felicity than all the provisions which we can make of the goods of fortune.—*Blair*.

POLITICS.—The Oracle of Apollo at Delphos being asked why *Jupiter* should be the chief of the gods, since *Mars* was he best soldier, made this answer:—"*Mars is valiant, but Jupiter is wise.*"

LIFE.—Life is too short to be long in forming the tender and happy connexions of it.—*Sterne*.

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Hide hearts where grief hath little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid—not lost—
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

Byron's Corsair.

INTOLERANCE.—To expect that people, zealous for one religion, should examine the other maturely, equitably, and accurately, is like pretending that a person can be a fair judge between two women, with one of whom he is in love, while he has an aversion for the other. Lycidas is desperately in love with Urania, and mortally hates Corinna; tell us, says some one, which of the two is the most charming; examine the matter; he will promise to do so, but to a certainty he will pronounce for Urania, and not contented with preferring her to Corinna, he will prefer her also to all other women. His reason will be in unison in that with his heart.—*Boyle*.

A curious observer has calculated from the registers of the different departments and of Paris, that there are at present in France no fewer than 1,700,843 physicians; by another careful and exact calculator there are 1,400,651 persons afflicted with illness requiring medical aid. Again, the number of advocates is 1,900,408, while the causes to be pleaded as they are at present registered amount only to 998,000. It follows of course that unless the 902,403 superfluous lawyers should fall ill through chagrin, there are 300,192 medical gentlemen who must sit with their hands before them doing nothing; it is a lamentable consideration!

LITTLE NOVELTY IN WRITING.

The shelves are full, and other themes are sped,
Blackney'd and worn to the last flimsy thread;
Satire has long since done his best; and curst
And loathsome ribaldry has done his worst;
Fancy has sported all her powers away
In tales, in trifle, and in children's play;
And 'tis the sad complaint and almost true,
Whatever we write we bring forth nothing new.

Cowper.

PARTIES IN WIT.

Some valuing those of their own side of mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind;
Fondly we think we honor merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties of wit attend on those of state;
And public faction doubles private hate;
Pride, malice, folly against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past,
For rising merit will buoy up at last.

Pope.

PASSIONS.—Men spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of employing their passions in the service of life.—*Steele's Christian Hero*.

HARMONIC SOCIETY
Of Philadelphia.

The Practising Meetings will be held on Monday Evenings, until further notice.

T. K. GREENBANK, Sec'y.

Dec. 8.—21.

INSURANCE ON LIVES.—The Pennsylvania Company for Insurances on Lives and Granting Annuities and Endowments, continue to make all kinds of contracts in which the contingencies of life are involved.

One of the principal objects of this Company is, to afford to the public the means of guarding against the calamities and misfortunes which so often occur by the death of persons on whom others are dependent for support;—this may be accomplished by effecting insurances on lives.

INSURANCES.—Persons who possess but limited incomes, sufficient to support themselves and families during their lives, but have not the prospect of saving a sum adequate to the future support of their families in case of their death, by paying a small sum annually to this company, may insure, for the benefit of their families, a sum sufficient for their comfortable support. Merchants, mechanics, clerks, officers of the army and navy, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, masters of vessels, and all others whose families might be in danger of being reduced to poverty and distress, by the death of those on whose daily exertions they are dependent, may avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by this company to provide against such calamities, by insuring their lives.

Persons who possess incomes from life estates, may insure the lives of those on whom such incomes are dependent—Or, a creditor may insure the life of a debtor, should he be in danger of sustaining a loss by his death.

INSURANCES may be effected for a limited period, as for a journey or voyage, for one, two, three, or seven years, or for the whole duration of life.

ANNUITIES.—Persons advanced in life, who possess a sum of money, the interest of which is not sufficient for their support, by depositing it with the company may receive an Annuity much greater than could be received from the interest of the same sum; or should it be preferred to defer the Annuity for a few years, a still larger amount might be received during the remainder of their lives.

ENDOWMENTS.—Parents may secure to their children a gross sum, or endowment, payable at the age of 21 years, sufficient for small stocks to commence business for their sons, or respectable marriage portions for their daughters, by depositing a small sum, at their birth, with this company; written applications should mention the age, state of health, and residence of the parties on whose lives the contracts are to depend, and are to be directed (post paid) to either of the undersigned.

THOMAS ASTLEY, President.

THOMAS T. SMILEY, Actuary.

WILSON'S PANACEA.

The subscriber takes the liberty to inform the public that his having for the last five years been constantly in the employ of Mr. Swain, assisting in preparing and making his justly celebrated Panacea, he has commenced the business for himself, and vends the same kind of medicine under the name of WILSON'S PANACEA, and he pledges himself that the Panacea made by him possesses all the restorative powers of that sold by Mr. S. it being composed of precisely the same ingredients; either a trial or comparison will establish the fact. As the subscriber offers his PANACEA much lower than the usual price of Swain's, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

This medicine has the decided preference over every other medicine for the cure of Scrophulous, King's evil, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, ulcers, sores, general debility, and all diseases arising from impure blood. It has proved beneficial in nervous and dyspeptic complaints generally. White Swelling, diseases of the skin, liver, &c. Those whose constitutions are broken down by mercurial diseases, should submit to a course of Wilson's Panacea. It is a safe, though powerful substitute for mercury, and removes those evils which an unsuccessful use of that mineral frequently occasions. It will be found of great service as a spring and fall medicine by those whose constitutions require nourishment and new vigor.

Price two dollars per bottle, or twenty dollars per dozen.

AGENTS.—Frederick Klett, Druggist, N. E. corner of Calowhill and 2d street; Henry K. Harrison, Druggist, No. 472 South Front st; Joseph Shoemaker, Druggist, S. W. corner of 12th and Locust street; John G. Brown, Druggist, corner of 3d and Vine street; Mr. Lamorella, S. E. corner of Dock and 2d street, Philadelphia;—and John M. Wilson, No. 1, Old Slip, New York; W. D. Lehman, Raleigh, N. C. John B. Spencer, Centreville, Eastern Shore, Maryland; Dr. Howell Davies, at Lynchburg, Va.; Henry Lazarus, Mobile. Communications, post paid, and orders for the medicine from any part of the world, will receive immediate attention.

WILSON'S WORM MEDICINE.

Wilson's Worm Medicine, for the cure of Dysentery, Summer Complaints, Cholera Morbus, sickness at the stomach, loss of appetite, Worms, &c. for sale by the subscriber.

THOMAS WILSON,

No. 65 Dock street, three doors below Walnut street, Philadelphia. Nov 17—15

Independent Harmonic Society.

ACCORDING to a resolution passed at a special meeting held on Friday evening Nov. 30, the practising meetings of the Society will take place in future on the 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month, in the Session room belonging to the first Presbyterian Church, N. L. WM. S. MAGEE, Sec'y.

N. B. First meeting to be held on Tuesday evening 18th instant. Dec. 8.